

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG JEW




600069195-

THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG JEW.



See page 45.

THE HISTORY

OF

A YOUNG JEW.

ADAPTED FOR CHILDREN

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PEEP OF DAY."

THIRTEENTH THOUSAND.

"I say then, Hath God cast away his people? God forbid. For I also am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham."—Rom. xi.

LONDON:
WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
24, Paternoster Row.
1857.

249.u.49

PREFACE.

THIS little work is taken from a book entitled, "Both One in Christ," (by the Rev. Alfred M. Myers,) which has excited much interest in the mind of the public. By simplifying the language, and omitting some of the didactic parts, an attempt has been made to adapt the narrative to the taste and capacity of early youth; and now, at the request of the Author, it is presented to the rising generation, in the hope that it may confer both pleasure and profit.

Nor is this hope without foundation; for of all kinds of writing, none is so pleasing to children as *narrative*, and to *reflecting* children, as *authentic* narrative. The history of a *life* is generally more acceptable to them, and more instructive than the account of a *death*; and the life of a *Jew*, than that of one belonging to their own nation, and professing their own religion.

Combining, therefore, so many of the points requisite to gain the attention of children, this little volume may be made the vehicle of conveying important truths to their minds.

To beguile a tedious hour, to form a literary taste, to sharpen the intellect, or to add to the stock of worldly knowledge,

were not the objects for which this book was written; but to fulfil higher aims, and to bestow more lasting benefits.

Is it important that children should early learn that the *understanding* may be convinced, while the *heart* remains unconverted? They may behold an instance of such a case, and of the misery connected with it, in this young Jew, whose understanding was convinced that Jesus was the Son of God, before his heart was converted to his Saviour.

Is it necessary that the young should be early fortified against the attacks of Infidels in this sceptical age? Let them survey the dispersed, despised, and degraded house of Israel, and compare their state with the prophecies of God

and they will be furnished with an answer that must confound the Infidel, however learned, or however acute.

Is it desirable that they should follow the Word of God, as their supreme guide, and as their sole authority? Let them observe the dangerous tendency of human traditions, in the sufferings that a child endured from believing the doctrine of ancient Rabbis.

Is it to be wished that little Gentiles should feel an interest in the out-casts of Israel? Let them listen to the sorrows of this son of Abraham; and those who have already mourned with Joseph and David, will learn to sympathize with their more afflicted descendants. As purposes conceived in childhood are often

executed in maturity, who can tell what blessings may descend upon the Jewish race, through the means of this simple history! Who can tell what may be the results of its admission into the nursery and the cottage! Go then, little messenger, and find a place in Emily's library, and amongst Susan's simple treasures. Repose upon the sick couch of Edward, and accompany Henry in his sorrowful journey from his beloved home. Slide into the hands of the mother, seated in an arbour, surrounded by her children on the Sabbath evening. Lie open before the little villager, as she sits by the rustic hearth, and reads aloud to her parents, after the labours of the day. Go, little book, and visit such scenes as these.

You will not excite the young imagination, nor pervert the unformed judgment; but will confirm the faith, enlighten the mind, and (would to God you might through the power of his Spirit) draw the heart of many a simple child to the Saviour of the Jew and of the Gentile.

CHAPTER I.

THE MANNER IN WHICH I WAS BROUGHT UP.

WHERE can the child be found who has never seen a Jew? The Jews are to be seen in every land. What is the reason of this? Why do they not live in their own country as we do? The reason is, that they were disobedient to God. They were his own beloved people; for they were the children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, whom God loved. But they would not

believe in Jesus when he came, nor listen to the preaching of the apostles; so their city was destroyed, their land was taken away from them, and they were scattered among all people.

Wherever they go they are despised and ill-treated; for God said that he would make them a byword and a reproach in all places whither they were driven. (Deut. xxviii. 37. Jer. xxiv. 9.)

But the worst part of the Jews' punishment is, that their hearts are hardened, so that they still will not believe that Jesus is the Son of God. (Isaiah vi. 9, 10; Acts xxviii. 25—27.)

Of course, the Jews must be very unhappy without the knowledge of a Saviour. One of these unhappy people has written his history, and related the sorrows he felt in his state of ignorance.

THE HISTORY OF ALFRED MYERS.

I was born in Prussia. As my father was a Jew, and my mother a Jewess, I was brought up in the religion of the Jews amongst whom I lived.

I knew nothing of the other people in Prussia, except what I saw of them in the streets. There I often beheld them kneeling down to images of the Virgin Mary and of the saints.

The Christians whom I saw worshipping these idols were Roman Catholics, of whom there are a great many in Prussia.

I was very early taught to think it sinful to worship images. These Gawyim, (for this is the name we give to the Christians) I thought, are like the idolaters of whom I read in the Bible, and with whom God

was so angry. I did not know that there were some Christians who never worshipped images; for I was told that *all* persons, excepting the Jews, were idolaters. I did not even know that the Christians read the Bible. I supposed that they laughed at our great teacher Moses. You will not wonder that I thought so, when I tell you that I often met little Christian boys in the streets who cried out in a mocking tone, when they saw me, "Moses, Moses," besides calling me other names. Of course I could not imagine that these little boys believed what Moses wrote in the Bible. Yet, perhaps some of them may have read the book of Genesis, and the other books that Moses wrote. But whether they had read them or not, they were ungodly children to dare to mock God's beloved people.

From all I saw and heard of the Gawyim in the streets, I believed them to be very wicked. My parents told

me never to speak to them, and to shut my ears with both hands, when I passed by a Church or Chapel, lest I should hear the sound of their prayers or singing. There were many images and crosses to be seen in the squares, and market-places. I was desired, whenever I passed by one of them to repeat these words: "Thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it, for it is a cursed thing." (Deut. vii. 26.)

A great deal of pains was taken to make me learned. When I was four years old, I was placed at school to learn to read and to repeat the Jewish prayers. I do not remember much that happened to me before I was ten; but when I had reached that age, I recollect that I was instructed in the Talmud. This is a book which the Jews respect much more than they do the Bible; yet it is not written by God, but contains remarks

upon the Bible, made by learned Jews, called Rabbis.

My parents were very anxious that I should read this book a great deal, that I might become a very wise Rabbi when I was grown up. They often reminded me of the great promises that are made in the Talmud, to those who read the book diligently. This is one of these promises.

The Talmud says that there is a great fish, called Leviathan, which is now lying in the bottom of the seas, but which shall be cut up at a feast at the last day, for those who study the Talmud. This feast, it declares, will be held when Messiah comes. Those who partake of it will drink precious wines, and continue to feast for ever and ever. Such was the reward promised to me. A poor reward, indeed! not fit for a creature that has a never-dying soul.

On the other hand, I was threatened with terrible punishments, if I neglected

to read the Talmud, and to observe its commands. I was told that the angel of death came to kill men at last; and that when a man died, he felt every bit of straw on which he lay, prick like sharp needles, until he was placed in his grave; and that then another angel appeared to ask his name, and that the dead man, if he was a good man (or a Zadick), pronounced his own name, and so the angel left him; but that if he was a bad man he forgot it; and the angel pulled his lungs and his liver out of his body, struck his face twice, and then whirled him and the angel of death into hell, where he was eaten by worms that gave him exceeding torment. I cannot tell you how much I was frightened by these threatenings.

Our teachers were called Rabbis, and they told us many foolish things that frightened us children very much. We believed all they told us; and it was reckoned a great sin not to believe the Rabbis.

They told us that the dead, who were in hell, came to the Synagogue in the middle of every night to read the law of Moses, because by reading it they were the sooner released from their torments.

Our Rabbi told us, that one night he was passing by the Synagogue at twelve o'clock, and that he heard his name called from the Synagogue, and that he was obliged to go in and read a chapter in the Law; and he said the place was full of people who had died, and that they were all dressed in their burial clothes.

It happened once that I fell asleep in the Synagogue at Evening Service, and the people all left the place, and the door was closed. At midnight I was awakened by hearing a tremendous knocking, and when I found out where I was, I shrieked out, and put my hands to my eyes, for fear lest I should see the dead people, who I was sure were there.

The knocking against the door grew louder, and at last I heard my name called out. At this I cried aloud, thinking I had been called on by the dead, and I tried to get to the door; but before I reached it, I fell down and fainted away.

When I awoke, I found myself in bed at home, and was told by my mother that my father and she had been seeking for me the night before; and that at last they had supposed that I must be in the Synagogue, and that they had knocked against the doors, and had called on me to answer them; and that at last they had heard me cry out, and then they had heard my fall; and that when they had opened the doors they had found me on the floor, senseless.

Although I had not seen anybody in the Synagogue in the night, yet I felt sure that the dead had been there at the very time, for I could not believe that my Rabbi would tell me what was not true.

This circumstance left a great dread upon my mind.

Such were the foolish things that I was taught. How happy are those children who are taught to believe nothing about God, except what He has written in the Bible! They need not be frightened either by day or by night, for they know that God loves little children, and that he has given his Son to die for them; but I believed the dreadful things said about God in the Talmud, and I looked upon Him as a great Being who would torment and destroy me.

CHAPTER II.

HOW I TRIED TO GAIN THE FAVOUR OF GOD.

I HAVE already told you that I was very much afraid of God. I was, therefore, afraid of death, not knowing how I should escape punishment from God. Sometimes I tried to gain comfort by doing things that I thought good,—such as by reading the Psalms, or by giving away money, or by fasting; for I thought that God kept an account of all the

things we did, whether good or bad, and that at the last day he would forgive the bad things, if the good things were more than the bad. What a foolish idea! Alas! I did not know that we can do *nothing* good, till we believe in Jesus, because we can do nothing from a right motive. Neither did I know, that when we believed in Jesus, God forgave us *all* our sins for his sake. How could I know these things, when I knew not who Jesus was?

Thus I went on labouring, hoping to obtain the forgiveness of my sins by my good works.

I made very long prayers; I was not satisfied with repeating the prayers usually said by Jews, I added another very long one to them; and I even arose regularly at twelve every night, and sat on the floor to read more prayers till one. My mother was delighted to see my diligence, and she awoke me at the hour I wished.

I read the Bible, as well as the Talmud, and I have often read the whole book of Psalms through in one day. I fasted also twice a-week, on Mondays and Thursdays, and believed that the fat and blood I lost by fasting were a sacrifice for my sins, like the blood of beasts when offered upon the altar. In one of my prayers I was taught to believe this foolish doctrine. I also attended the service at the Synagogue every morning and evening. By all these good works, I thought I should become one of the most excellent Rabbis, and gain a very high place in heaven.

The Jews amongst whom I lived, set me the example of strict obedience to the law, both of Moses and of the Talmud. The manner in which they kept the Sabbath, showed how particular they were in outward observances.

The Jewish Sabbath begins at sunset on Friday, and lasts till sunset on Saturday. The Jews will do no sort of work on the Sabbath; they begin to put away their

employments at two or three in the afternoon, and in winter earlier still. On Friday enough food is cooked for the Sabbath. In these respects they set a good example to Christians, who are apt to waste Sunday in doing things which might be done on other days, and to lose the opportunity of attending God's house and of reading his Word.

The Jews would not tear a bit of paper, or break a straw on the Sabbath, nor would they walk one mile out of the town on that day. Very strict Jews talk of nothing but the Talmud, and speak no language but Hebrew during the Sabbath. It is a common custom to go into the bath on Friday, before going to the Synagogue on Friday evening.

No fire may be touched on the Sabbath, nor may candlesticks, nor snuffers, nor anything that has to do with fire. The mother of the family always lights the candles before she goes to the Synagogue on Friday; but, as it is necessary that

the candles should be snuffed, a Gentile servant is hired to snuff them, as well as to light the fire in winter. Some Jews however will have no fire even in the coldest weather.

As this Gentile servant would not have enough to do, if she only attended to the fire and candles of *one* family, she waits upon several families, and goes from house to house to snuff their candles by turns. I will now mention an anecdote, which will show you how strictly the Jews observe the law against touching fire.

One Sabbath evening whilst our family was at supper, the snuff of a candle, which had long remained unsnuffed, dropped upon the table-cloth, and set it on fire. We all started up in great confusion, and began to call for the Gentile servant to come and put out the fire; but she was in a neighbour's house snuffing the candles, and could not come immediately. Not one of us durst touch the

table-cloth, but looked on till it was consumed, as well as many other things upon the table.

This anecdote shows how much the Jews are afraid of breaking the laws of the Talmud. They think that the Gentiles need not keep the Jewish laws, for they consider that they are in a wicked and lost state, and that nothing they can do, can make them worse than they are already. They think that God does not care for the Gentiles, and that he has given them no laws, and promised them no blessings.

Can you wonder that the Jews think ill of the Gentiles, when you consider how these Gentiles have behaved to the Jews? They have treated them in the most cruel manner, and they still continue to oppress them.

When I was a little boy a circumstance happened, which will show you how unjust and spiteful their conduct sometimes is.

Some Christians have an idea that the Jews drink the blood of a Christian at the feast of the Passover; though the Jews have never done such an act. About this time in the town where I lived, a little Christian child was missing and could not be found. Immediately it was supposed that the Jews had stolen it, and shed its blood. The magistrates of the town desired that every Jewish house should be searched. At last the body of the child was found all besmeared with blood in the cellar of a Jew. This Jew and his family were immediately cast into prison, and many other Jews were cruelly beaten and tormented. In the end it was discovered that the child had died at home, and that some person from malice to the Jews, had hid it in the cellar. Such wickedness of course made the Jews look with horror upon the Gentiles.

We despised them also for some reasons that were not good. We thought that

they were very ignorant, because they did not know the Hebrew language, in which God spoke to Abraham, and to Moses, and which we called the holy language.

But still we should have been less set against them, if they had behaved to us as the followers of Jesus Christ ought to do.

I continued my prayers and fastings, and all my other good works, (as I thought them,) hoping that I was becoming more deserving of the favour of God.

At last it pleased the God of all mercy to send a ray of light into my dark mind, and I will relate the manner in which it came.

I was twelve years old before it had ever struck me that the Talmud contained one foolish thing. I will just mention one of the absurd things it contained, and which I believed. It declares that two Rabbis used to sit every Sabbath evening reading a holy book, and that

then they created a three-year-old calf, and ate it. I read this and believed it.

But one day I was reading in the Talmud about God playing with Leviathan, the great fish, and other absurd things, and I was struck with the foolishness of the account.

The next moment I was frightened at having thought that there was anything foolish in the Talmud; for I remembered that it was written there, that whoever did not believe it, was to be pushed down and to be killed, without being judged. I was filled with great distress; I shut the Talmud in haste, and determined never to think again about its being true or false.

CHAPTER III.

THE RABBI'S CHARM.

FROM the time I began to doubt the truth of the Talmud, I became very unhappy. I often tried to persuade myself that I did not doubt it, and set myself to read it, as in former times, but to no purpose; while I read my doubts returned, and my misery increased.

My father and mother observed that my countenance was changed. My father often fixed his eyes upon me as if he would find out what was the matter with me, and made me tremble lest he should discover the thoughts that troubled my mind.

My mother often asked me what made me so unhappy, but I would not tell her the cause. If I had, she would perhaps have cursed me, much as she loved me. But indeed I hardly knew myself why I was so uneasy.

I tried many plans to quiet my conscience, such as fasting, giving alms, visiting the graves of my relations; yet still my doubts remained, and my trouble increased.

At last my health became so weak that my parents were alarmed. They did not send for a physician, as Christian parents would have done; but they tried another method of curing me.

The Jews observe many foolish customs

when their friends are sick. They often go to the graves of their relations, to ask them to intercede with God for the sick person. Sometimes they pay money to Rabbis to sit up at night to read the Talmud, thinking that God will reward them for spending their money in so good a way by healing the dying person. At other times they send relief to all who are in distress. Once when my brother was very ill, my dear mother tried all these ways for his recovery; but as my brother grew worse, she became much alarmed, and determined to make another effort. She filled her apron with silver money, and ran into the street to distribute it amongst the poor Jews that were assembled there. It pleased God to restore my brother to health.

Now that I was ill my parents resolved to try the effect of charms upon me. What these charms were, I shall soon explain. All who read the Bible must know that it is very wicked to trust to

charms, or to any other help of that kind. The Jews ought to know that it is written in Deut. xviii. 9—12, "There shall not be found among you a charmer, &c., for all that do these things are an abomination to the Lord."

The charmer who came to see me was an old Rabbi who was much respected by the Jews.

When he saw me, he asked me several questions, put his hands upon my head, and blessed me, and then took out of his pocket a Kemie, (or a small packet made of parchment,) containing the charms. He fastened the Kemie round my neck with a ribbon, and said I should soon be well.

My father then gave him a ducat, which is a gold piece, worth ten shillings. When the Rabbi was gone, my parents assured me that I should soon be restored to health. But could these charms do me any good? No, in themselves they could do me none; yet the very idea that

I should soon be well, revived my spirits, and made me better, for I felt the greatest respect for a Rabbi. I thought a Rabbi was far above other men. I had read in the Talmud that the fear of a Rabbi is as the fear of God, and that he who disputes against a Rabbi, is as if he disputed against God.

While I stood before this Rabbi I had trembled, lest he should discover my doubts of the Talmud; but when he had placed his hands upon my head, and had blessed me, and given me the Kemie, I had been filled with delight, and had been ready to believe his promise that I should soon recover.

It was not surprising that these feelings should make me grow more cheerful, and do good to my health. But after a time my uneasiness began to return, and to cloud the happiness of my childhood.

CHAPTER IV.

MY BIRTH-DAY THIRTEEN.

I WAS now nearly thirteen years old. This is a very important age to a young Jew; for he is taught to believe that his parents must answer for his sins till he is thirteen, but that afterwards he must account for them himself, and bear his own punishment.

It might be supposed that a young Jew would not like the time when he becomes accountable, but so much respect is paid him on this day, that he generally looks

forward to it with joy. I, however, could not feel so much pleasure as others, because of my doubts, which were now as strong as ever.

There was a great deal of bustle in our house for some days before my birth-day thirteen, and I myself was occupied in learning a long speech, called a Drooshoo, which I was to repeat before the company who were invited. I awoke very early on my birth-day, and repeated this speech to myself as I lay awake in bed.

The day was observed in our house as a holy day. The tables were covered with rich white table-cloths, and all the family and the servants wore some new clothes. I was dressed in a long coat of silk, that reached down to my feet. My father wore his best suit of silk clothes, and a very large hat, three times as big as a common one, made of dark fur. My mother presented me with a red velvet bag, adorned with

gold, and having my name worked in it in silver lace. This bag contained my phylacteries, which I was now to begin to wear. They were strips of parchment, on which texts of Scripture were written, and which are inclosed in two small leather boxes. These the Jews always bind round their head and left arm when they repeat their prayers, morning and evening.

My parents gave me their blessing, and then accompanied me to the synagogue. There I was received with great respect by the Jews, and I felt puffed up with pride in consequence. My father on this occasion bestowed a great honour upon me, which I will now explain.

In the midst of the synagogue there is a raised platform, or gallery, on which the readers of the law are to stand. The law is written upon rolls of parchment, and is kept in a chest at one end of the synagogue, and before this chest a curtain called a veil is drawn. These rolls of

the law are considered very holy, and are wrapped in beautiful velvet, covered with gold, and silver, and jewels, and a crown of gold or silver is placed at each end of the roll.

It is considered a great honour to be allowed to draw aside the curtain, to take out the law, to carry it to the desk, or to read a verse aloud. As many persons are anxious to be permitted to do these things, the following curious plan is pursued.

A man belonging to the synagogue, always calls out before service begins, "Who will undraw the curtain?" Then people offer money, and the person who offers the most is allowed to do it. The man then says, "Who will take out the law?" or, "who will read this or that portion for the day?" Thus he sells all the honours by auction, as people sell furniture at sales.

I will here take the opportunity of remarking, that there is *one* part of the

law which no one likes to read; it is the curses pronounced on the wicked in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy. As no one desires to do this, a poor man is always paid to come to the reading-desk, and to have that chapter read to him by the Chazin, or singer. It is read in a low voice which can scarcely be heard; and the congregation tremble all the while, because they are not sure they shall escape those terrible curses.

My father, to do me honour on my birthday thirteen, bought for me the high privilege of reading aloud a whole chapter of the prophets; and for this (which is called Mafter) he paid a large sum of money. My father also spoke to me in the synagogue in the following manner:—

"My son, I do hereby, in the presence of the Almighty God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and in the presence of this congregation, discharge myself from all your future sins. Be thou there-

fore strong, and show thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and keep his commandments, as they are written in the law."

My father then said a blessing, thanked God for his mercy in delivering him from the charge of my sins, and all the congregation said, "Amen."

Many of the Rabbis then walked home with my father and me; and there we found my mother, who received me with open arms, and joined with the rest in wishing me joy.

Women do not sit with men in the synagogues, but in a gallery by themselves, with an iron grating before it; therefore my mother had been separated from me while I was at the synagogue.

I delivered the speech I had prepared, to the company assembled at my father's house. This speech, which was about the Talmud, was much admired by all who heard it, and I was much praised.

The grave Rabbis spent the rest of the day in arguing about the Talmud, while the rest of the company sang and danced.

This day, so full of honour for me, did not, however, make me happy. My doubts still continued to distress me, for the Spirit of God would not allow me to believe the Talmud, through I tried to think it true. How good it was of my Heavenly Father not to allow me to be deceived!

CHAPTER V.

THE TWO STRANGERS.

A FEW months after my birthday thirteen, a circumstance happened which had a great effect upon my mind.

This circumstance took place on the Day of Atonement. This day is the greatest of all days among the Jews. It comes ten days after New-Year's-Day. The Jews do not begin their year in January, but in the autumn, and the Day of Atonement is in October. I will now

mention why this day is of so great importance among the Jews.

They imagine that God keeps two books; one called the Book of Death, and the other the Book of Life, and that he writes the names of all persons in one of these books on New-Year's-Day, but that he does not seal up these books till the Day of Atonement; so that those whose names have not been written in the Book of Life on New-Year's-Day, have some hope left for ten days more of prevailing on God to write them there. These ten days are called, "The Ten Days of Repentance." Of course many Jews during these days do all in their power to gain the favour of God. They pray, they fast, they give alms, visit the graves of their relations, and of departed saints. The streets, leading to the place of burial, are crowded with poor Jews during these ten days. The richer Jews, as they are on the way to the graves, give money to their poor

brethren, and when arrived at the burying-ground they repeat forms of prayer, calling upon the dead, and weeping bitterly.

Those who have read the Bible must know that the Jews are quite deceived about the Books of Life and Death. It is true that there are books in which the sins of men are written, and that there is one called the Book of Life. But who are those who are written in that Book of Life? They are those, who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; and, therefore, the book is called the Lamb's Book of Life. (See Rev. xx. 12; xxi. 27; xiii. 8; Mark xvi. 16.)

The Day of Atonement is considered to begin in the evening before; for the Jews always reckon their days in this manner. Early on the day *before* the Day of Atonement, men and women may be seen running about in all directions, to prepare for it; especially to buy cocks and hens. These birds are procured

as sacrifices for sin. But as the Jews are forbidden in the law of God to build altars in any other place, except Jerusalem, they dare not burn these birds, but each man takes up his cock, (and each woman her hen,) and holding it by its legs, and moving it round his own head, cries out, "This cock goes to death, but I shall be brought to everlasting life and peace." Soon afterwards a man, whose business it is, kills the bird. It is then cooked, and kept till the evening of the Day of Atonement, when part or all of it is eaten by the person who offered it.

This sacrifice was never commanded by God, and is very displeasing to him; but the Jew feels he needs some atonement for his sins, and as he will not believe in Jesus, he trusts in a bird, and in his own good works.

I will now relate what passed in our family on the afternoon before the Day of Atonement. We all assembled in a room in our house, that we might receive the

[illegible] we went to

[illegible] chestnut in his [illegible] fine [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] in the same [illegible] to him [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] buried [illegible] first, and [illegible] grave- [illegible] such as [illegible]

My father entered the room with a [illegible] countenance; my mother soon [illegible], dressed all in white. They [illegible], each of them blessed their children [illegible] by one, beginning with the eldest, and going down to the youngest, laying their hands upon each child's head, weeping bitterly, and praying that God would seal us up in the Book of Life.

After this affecting scene, we walked quietly towards the synagogue. We found the yard filled with persons shaking hands, declaring with tears that they forgave each other; for the Jews, who have quarrelled, always make up their quarrels before the Day of Atonement in this manner, for they think that if they do not forgive each other, God will not forgive them.

In this we know they are right; but they are wrong in supposing that by making up their quarrels, they can make themselves worthy of the forgiveness of God. When God changes the heart of a sinner by giving him faith in Christ, He makes his heart kind and forgiving towards all. But the Jews know as little as Nicodemus did of the change of heart in man.

We returned home that evening at ten o'clock, when the service was over; but some Jews remain all night in the synagogue.

At five o'clock next morning we returned, and spent the whole day in praying, and chanting hymns. We had tasted no food since four o'clock the evening before, and did not intend to eat or drink till the sun set that day.

No Jew is absent from the synagogue on the Day of Atonement, no shop is opened, no business is done on that day, even by those careless Jews, who neglect the synagogue and break the Sabbath throughout the whole year. But on the Day of Atonement all are alarmed, lest their names should be written down in the Book of Death.

It was five o'clock, and the Day of Atonement was nearly over, when I remarked two Gentiles enter our synagogue. There were other Gentiles present, but these two were so different from the rest in their behaviour, that I paid particular attention to what they did. I saw them offer tracts to some of the Jews, who refused to accept them,

though for what reason I did not know. At this moment one of the servants of the synagogue desired all Gentiles to leave the synagogue, because the priests were going to bless the congregation of the Jews, and could not permit Gentiles to share in the blessing. Very often Gentiles appear offended when they are sent away; but the two Gentiles that I have remarked, far from seeming angry, quietly walked out, and when they reached the last step of the synagogue, turned round, and looked back upon us for a moment with such kind, pitiful countenances that I felt sorry to see them go.

For some time I kept my eyes fixed upon the spot where they had just stood, while I could not help thinking how much kinder they appeared to be in their feelings towards us Jews, than we were in our behaviour to them.

However, my thoughts were soon called away from them, by the remembrance that now the Books of Life and Death

were being sealed, for the sun was setting, and the Jews were praying around me with more and more earnestness. At seven o'clock, the cornet was made to give one sound, which was the sign that all was over, and that we might return home. We then wished each other joy, hoping that our names were sealed up in the Book of Life; and when we reached our homes, we said to each other, according to the custom, "The coming year we shall be at Jerusalem." For the Jews look daily forward to the time when they shall be restored to their own land and to the beloved city of Jerusalem, as God has promised. (Ezekiel xxxvii.)

CHAPTER VI.

MY VISIT TO THE GENTILES.

I WAS very anxious to know who those Gentiles were that I observed in the synagogue. I was told that they were missionaries, who had arrived in the town some weeks before, and who had been sent by a Society called "The London Society," to teach the Jews the Christian religion.

The day after I had first seen them, I

was passing through the market-place, when I saw a number of Jews and Gentiles standing before a large building. I asked an old Jew who stood near, why so many people were assembled there. He replied that the two Gawyim, or Gentiles, who had visited the synagogue the day before, were offering tracts to the Jews, and inviting them to come into the building, to converse with them about the Scriptures. I was surprised to think that Gentiles should know anything about our Scriptures, for I little knew that Gentiles read the Bible. I felt anxious to hear what they would say; I also wished to have one of the tracts; and I had another reason, though I hardly knew it at the time,—but the kind looks and behaviour of these Gentiles at the synagogue had made me anxious to see them again, and to hear them speak.

All these reasons made me determine to go into the building, and I was pressing through the crowd, when I felt some one

suddenly stop me. I looked up to see who it was, and I perceived the old Jew, to whom I had just been speaking, looking at me with surprise and anger. He said to me, "Are you mad? Do you want to go to the destroyers? What will your father say to it?"

The mention of my father's name startled me. I felt afraid of doing what my father disapproved; at the same time I thought there would be no harm in just going in to see the Gentiles, or even to speak to them. However I did not dare to go in while the old Jew saw me; but after considering some time, I determined to return in the evening when it was almost dark, and when no Jews would see me.

It is in general very wrong for children to do what their parents forbid or disapprove, for God has commanded children to obey their parents. Besides this, parents are wiser than children, and know what is good for them better than they do themselves. But when parents are

ignorant of God, and would prevent children from learning about Him, then they ought not to be obeyed. Christ has said, "He that loveth father, or mother, more than me, is not worthy of me."

The Spirit of God was now working in my heart, and inclining me to seek the truth, notwithstanding the false instruction of my parents.

It was my custom to attend the service at the synagogue every morning and evening. That evening I did not stay (as I usually did) after the congregation was gone away, to read over some more prayers, but I ran towards the market-place, and entered the building where the Gentile missionaries lodged. I was shown into their room, and great was my astonishment to find it filled with Jews. They had come there secretly, as I had done, and were surprised to see each other there.

When I entered I found the missionaries talking very earnestly with some of the

Jews about the Scriptures. A tract was given to me, and a seat was offered. I had just cast my eyes upon the tract, which was in Hebrew, when the door was burst open with violence, and an old woman, whom I well knew, rushed into the room, with fury in her looks. This woman was an old servant of my mother's, named Rebekah. I was astonished at the sight of her, and could not move from the spot where I was. Rebekah seized hold of my arm with great force, and dragged me out of the room, cursing as she went those Gentiles who had come from far to teach us. I did not resist Rebekah, and she continued to pull me along the streets, telling me all the while how much I should be punished when I reached home.

When I arrived there I found the family all in an uproar. My father, however, spoke not a word, but sat in a chair in the midst of them, while he fixed his eyes upon me in a way that I could not bear.

I longed to hear him speak, even though it should be to curse me. I felt that anything would be better than this terrible silence.

Presently my father made a sign with his hand for the family to leave the room. When they were gone, he remained silent for a little time, and then beckoned me to come near him. I approached trembling. My father then asked me in a low voice, and in a tone that showed he was much displeased, "How long did you stay there?" I replied that I had not been allowed to remain more than a moment. Then his countenance brightened, and he appeared less angry. "But," added he, "what were your reasons for going to the destroyers?" I told him that I was curious to hear what they said. This answer pleased him. But when I went on to say that I thought it was unkind of the Jews to oblige those Gentiles to leave the synagogue before the blessing was pronounced, he fell into

a violent passion, which lasted for some time, and said that the servants of Satan had taken hold of me. "Have you already forgotten," said he, "what our holy Rabbis said?" He then reminded me of a part of the Talmud, in which it is said that if a Jew meets a Gentile, he must not say to him "Peace" (as Jews generally do when they meet each other), and that if the Gentile say "Peace" to the Jew, that the Jew must answer "Peace" in a very low tone, and that he must only do this while their people are scattered in strange lands; for that, when they have their own king they will not answer Gentiles at all.

My father little knew that it was of no use reminding me of what was written in the Talmud, because I had lost my respect for that book. At the very mention of it, I felt miserable, and unable to speak. My father thought my silence was a sign of sorrow for what I had done, and he began to speak kindly to me, saying that

ne loved me dearly, and that if ever I was to go to the Gentile missionaries again, or even to think of doing so, I should bring him down with grief to the grave. He then made me promise never to go to hear them again, and to make amends for my fault by fasting the next day, and by giving some money to the poor.

Thus ended my conversation with my father, but the consequences of what I had done were greater than I had expected.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT TROUBLE THAT BEFEL ME.

THE morning after my visit to the Gentiles I entered the synagogue as usual, but the Jews did not treat me with the respect they generally showed me, and when I attempted to speak to them they turned away from me. I felt much affronted at this behaviour. My proud heart could not submit to it. I longed for the service to be over, and as

soon as possible, I hastened out of the synagogue, little thinking what awaited me on my way home.

As I was crossing the square, in which the synagogue was built, I heard some Jews, who stood there, call aloud Meshomed (which means the destroyed one.) I turned around to see whom they were mocking, when to my confusion I saw their fingers pointed to me. Hastily I looked round to see whether my father was within hearing, and when I saw that he was not, I ran home as quickly as I could, more troubled in mind then I can express. I shut myself up in my room, and listened with a beating heart, expecting soon to hear the sound of my father's steps.

Though my own pride was much hurt at having been openly mocked, I was still more grieved at the thought that my father might hear of what had happened. Soon I heard my name called from the foot of the stairs. It was my father's

voice. When I entered the room where my father was, I saw, the moment I looked at him, how miserable he was.

My father said calmly, while the tears started into his eyes, "You have destroyed all my hopes."

Oh, what misery I felt at that moment! I approached my father, I tried to comfort him,—but he would not be comforted,—he only gave way the more to his grief. "You have brought shame upon me and my family, and I know not what evil will befal us." Every word my father spoke seemed to pierce my heart like a sword, I wished I could have died on the spot, that I might be spared the sorrow that I saw would come upon me.

I was also deeply grieved at the thought of my father's misery, and perceiving that the sight of me only added to it, I left him without speaking another word, and shut myself up in my own room.

From this time I became more and more unhappy.

I thought to myself, it is impossible that I can ever blot out the stain that came upon my good name, on the day when the finger was pointed at me. I am abused by those who once looked upon me with respect; and my parents,—my dear parents,—their grief knows no bounds, and I am the cause of it. What will be the end of these things?

A thought, a strange thought, then crossed my mind. "There is but one thing I can do; I cannot remain in this place. But where shall I go?"

At this moment I thought of England. It was God surely that put the idea into my mind. He intended to bless me in England, and made me wish to go there, though I knew nothing of that country, and could not speak a word of the English language. How wonderful are the ways of God! all hearts are in his hands, and he turns them which way soever he will.

When I told my parents of my desire to go to England, they were much sur-

prised, and grieved, and did all in their power to persuade me to remain at home. Sometimes for a little while I was induced to consent to their wishes; but soon my desire to go to England became stronger than before.

My dislike to the Talmud daily increased, though even now I would not own to myself that I did not believe in it. My brethren the Jews often taunted me about my visit to the missionaries, and I longed to escape from their taunts. I should have set out immediately, had not an event happened in our family which prevented my departure.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY YEAR OF MOURNING.

It is most painful to me to think of the event that occurred at this time in our family. It was the death of my mother, who had been ill for some time. Well do I remember that sorrowful moment, when I stood at the foot of her bed, with my eyes fixed on her dying countenance. How great was my grief, when I saw that she was dead, when I took hold

of that hand that had so often blessed me, and found it to be icy-cold, and gazed upon that face which had so often smiled upon me, and perceived it was lifeless clay. But the thought that caused me the greatest pain, was that my mother was now suffering the most horrible torments. For the Jews imagine that a dead body is always in great agony till it is buried. They think also, that souls are punished for their sins, before they can be admitted into Paradise. For they will not believe in that Saviour who "bore all our sins in his own body on the tree."

It is the custom among the Jews, for the children of a dead person to sit for seven days upon very low stools, and to wear no shoes, but to mourn for the dead. It is also the custom for children after the death of a parent to repeat a prayer every morning and evening, entreating God to allow the parent's soul soon to enter Paradise.

Many stories are related in the Talmud, to show what agonies those parents endure, whose children neglect to pray for them.

I will mention one of these absurd tales. One of the Rabbis writes thus in the Talmud:—

"I saw in a vision a man with a large bundle of sticks on his back. I asked him where he was carrying the sticks. He told me his name, and the place where he lived, and added, 'I died some years ago, and have been in hell ever since. Every day I am burnt, and made alive again, and I am obliged to fetch from yonder wood, the sticks with which I am daily burnt.'"

"I asked him," writes the Rabbi, "whether he had left any children." He replied, that he had left one boy. "Have you taught him to read?" I inquired. The man answered, "No; I was a bad character all my life, and did not care about my child."

"I then," continued the Rabbi, "promised to seek for his child, and to teach him to say the prayer for the dead. I found him, took him home to my house, and taught him every day until he knew the prayer for his father's soul, and then he went every morning and evening to the synagogue to repeat it. Afterwards I had another vision, in which I saw the same man I had seen before, and heard from him that he suffered less than he had done. I had other visions, and at length I found that through the prayers of his son, he was admitted into Paradise." *

Such is the absurd history that is related in the Talmud. Though I did not fully believe the Talmud, I was not assured that it was false; and as I knew no better religion, I was very miserable. I did not love God, nor trust in his goodness. I could not say, "Thy will be

* This vision is not related in the words of the Talmud, but is much shortened.

done," but rather, "Why dost thou afflict me?" I could not bear to be in company. I would often run to the dark woods and forests that were at a little distance from our town, and I would lie down in the moss, and fancy that I was in a country beyond the seas, and that I felt the air of that strange land refresh and strengthen me.

I knew not where to go for true comfort. I had never heard the sweet command, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE JEWS OF ENGLAND.

At the end of one year after my mother's death, I again determined to leave my home, in spite of the intreaties of my family.

I should call my behaviour on this occasion very headstrong, did I not believe that the Lord was then calling me by a secret voice to go to a land where I should hear of the Saviour.

The children of pious Christian parents ought not to imitate my example, but to obey their parents in all things.

At length I left my home, and crossing the sea, arrived in London on June 30, 1830. I became acquainted with the Jews who live in London, and I found them very different from the Jews in Prussia.

The Jews in my own country have some religion, though it is a false religion; but the Jews of England have scarcely any religion at all. They are engaged in getting money, and in enjoying the world, and care little about the Bible, or the Talmud.

I have mentioned how strictly I had seen the Sabbath kept in Prussia. I found the Jews in England not only broke the Sabbath, but would eat the flesh of swine, would neglect to say their prayers, and to put on their phylacteries. I was much shocked at their conduct; but when I told them what I felt, they answered,

"The Jews here cannot observe these things, they cannot be so strict; but they send money to the Rabbis in Prussia, and other countries, and especially to those in Jerusalem, that they may pray for them."

One Jew asked me to write a letter for him to his father in Prussia, as he wanted to send him some money; and he said to me, "Be sure and tell him to pray for me, and to go to my grandfather's grave, and mention my name, for I have very little time to pray, or to study the Talmud."

One morning I went to breakfast with this Jew. When I arrived, he was not up. In a short time he came down stairs, and seated himself at the breakfast-table. I had expected to see him put on his phylacteries, and repeat his prayers, before he began his breakfast, for such was the custom among the Jews in Prussia. I told him how much his conduct surprised me, and how wrong I

thought it. He replied, that I did not know the customs of England, that he was obliged to go to business early, and that he should lose his customers, if he were to waste his time with his phylacteries.

I considered the conduct of this Jew so wicked, that I never would consent to breakfast with him again, though he often invited me.

Yet I myself had left off doing many things that I still thought it right to do; for I had ceased to pray at midnight, to fast twice-a-week, or to study the Talmud. Sometimes my conscience would accuse me on this account, and then I would reply to myself, "But though I leave these things undone, I do much more than other Jews; for I never break the Sabbath, nor neglect my phylacteries, nor eat things forbidden."

When I went to the synagogue in London, I was surprised at the inattentive behaviour of the Jews who came

there; and when I found that many Jews did not even believe the Bible, I mourned over their wickedness, and said, "Oh the Messiah will never come on account of their sins." But I knew not that I also was a sinner, and deserved the wrath of God.

Thus I was like all people who are righteous in their own eyes; I thought myself better than others, and believed that on that account I should be saved. I could see the sins of others, but I could not see my own sins.

CHAPTER X.

MY VISIT TO CHURCH.

AFTER I had been a little while in London, I heard that one of my brothers was in Liverpool, (a town nearly 200 miles distant.) I had not seen this brother for nearly five years, and I was very anxious to meet him again.

Accordingly I set out for Liverpool. When I saw my brother, many things rushed to my mind which had happened

since we had parted, such as the death of our mother, and other events; and these thoughts made us both sad in the midst of our joy at meeting.

My mind continued in the same uncomfortable state it had long been in, when an event happened which made a wonderful change in my condition. One day when I was walking in the streets of Liverpool, I observed a building that appeared to be a church; but I was surprised to see some Hebrew words written on the outside. They were, "*Kee Beisee beiss tephilo yekoreh Lechol Amim.*" "For my house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." (Isaiah lvi. 7.)

The sight of the Hebrew words made me think for a moment that the building must belong to the Jews. Then I remembered that I had heard that there was only one synagogue in Liverpool, and I had already often attended that synagogue. As I was at a loss to know

what this building could be, I asked a gentleman who was passing by to tell me. I knew so little English at this time, that I found it difficult to make myself understood; but I did manage to make the gentleman know what I meant. The gentleman told me that the building was a Christian church, and that a converted Jew preached there. I was much astonished to hear that a Jew preached in such a place. The gentleman perhaps guessed from my looks what was passing in my mind, for he added, smiling, "He is preaching there every Sunday, and also on Friday evening. You had better go to hear him."

After the gentleman had passed on, I looked back upon him, wondering at the remembrance of what he had said. "Is it possible," I thought, "that a Jew can preach in an idolatrous place of worship?" For as I had seen so many Christians, called Roman Catholics, worshipping idols in the streets of Prussia,

I imagined that all Christians did the same.

When I came home to my lodgings, I saw some of my Jewish friends. I asked them whether they knew anything of the building I had observed. As soon as I mentioned the place, they all with one voice cried out, "What! have you been in that Tiphly, to hear that Meshomed?" They then began to blaspheme the name of Jesus, that name which is now so dear to my soul; though I confess, with shame, that I thought they did right in blaspheming it, and that I myself joined in the blasphemies.

These Jews declared that they would rather die than hear the converted Jew preach in the Christian Church; but I began to feel a desire to hear him. The words that the gentleman had spoken, "Go, and hear him," were continually coming into my mind when I was alone. Yet when I remembered how much I had suffered for going to see the Gentile

missionaries, I felt afraid to venture again into a place, which the Jews hated and despised; for I thought it probable that I might again be pointed at, and treated with contempt. Yet so did the words, "Go, and hear him," sound in my ears night and day, that at length I made up my mind to go to this church. "When I have heard this Jew," thought I, "I shall be satisfied with myself."

I determined to go the next Friday evening, because my brethren the Jews would then be at the synagogue, and would not see me go.

At six o'clock on Friday I was at the doors of this church, but I found them shut. I inquired at a shop near when they would be opened. I heard that at seven o'clock the service would begin. I did not choose to wait near the church, lest I should be seen by some Jew; therefore I returned home, and came again at seven. I found the doors open. I looked round to see whether any Jew

was near, and perceiving none, I went quickly into the church. As I was going in, I suddenly stopped, for the sound of singing caught my ear. I felt afraid of listening, having been taught to abhor the sound. I was at a loss whether to go in, or to return. At last I ventured to go in. I trembled as I entered; I durst not look up. The pew-opener showed me into a seat, and I sat down, hardly knowing what I did.

After I had been seated some time, I ventured to look up. The first thing that caught my eye, was the ten commandments written up over the communion table; they were written in Hebrew. I did not know that the Christians knew anything about the Bible, or the commandments that Moses wrote. "What have these Gawyims to do with our commandments?" thought I.

Presently I saw the converted Jew enter the pulpit. My blood ran cold at the sight. I waited trembling, to hear

what he would say. He gave out his text in the Hebrew language. For a moment I thought, "This cannot be a place of Christian worship, as Hebrew is spoken here." But then again I remembered that the men did not wear their hats, as they do in synagogues.

The text was taken from Genesis xlix. 10. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, till Shiloh come." Then the Jew began to preach in English, which I did not understand. I remained thinking over the text, and repeating it often to myself. I never remembered having heard it before, and I could not understand it. I knew that Shiloh meant the Christ, or Messiah, whom God had promised to send, because I had read this in the Talmud. But still I could not understand the text; for there it is said, that the sceptre shall not depart from Judah till Shiloh come. I knew that the sceptre which kings hold in their hands is a sign

of their power; therefore, I saw the words meant that there should be *kings* in Judah till the Messiah came. But I also knew that there had been no kings in Judah for eighteen hundred years; and yet, (as I believed,) no Messiah had come.

"How can this be?" thought I: "if this prophecy be true, Messiah must have come already, yet I know he has not come." Therefore I began to think that there could not be such a verse in the Bible; and that the Gawyims tried to deceive people by inventing prophecies that had never been made.

These thoughts tormented me while the sermon was being preached. I was puzzled still more when I heard the preacher mention the names of persons spoken of in the Bible, such as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and David; for I supposed that when a Jew became a Christian, he had nothing more to do with the Bible. My mind was so con-

fused with these different thoughts, that I began to be sorry I had ever entered the church. I trembled when I considered that I was sitting among Gawyims, and as soon as ever the service was over, I hastened out of the place.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW MY MIND WAS INSTRUCTED.

WHEN I was again in the open air, I felt like a person who has just escaped from some great danger; and I was so much ashamed of having been in the church, that at first I durst not look up.

As soon as I reached my lodgings, I looked into my Hebrew Bible for the text, and I really expected not to find it. To my great surprise I found it. Even

then I was not convinced, but thought that my Bible might be different from others, and therefore I looked into another Hebrew Bible. When I found it there also, I was amazed; my mind seemed almost gone. I laid my hand upon my forehead, and shut my eyes. "What, is it possible," thought I, "that the Messiah can be already come? How can I allow such a thought to enter my mind? If the Messiah had come, would not the learned Rabbis have found it out before now? And would they pray every day that he might come soon? Oh, I have been deceived by the Gawyims—I ought not to have gone into their church, and then I should have escaped all this trouble."

Once more I read over the verse; I felt my eyes begin to grow dim, the room seemed to turn round, and I should have fallen to the ground, had I not taken hold of an arm-chair that stood near, and dropped into it. I then began to weep bitterly, and soon felt a little relieved.

No sooner did I look up again than the sight of the open Bible filled me again with grief; I shut it hastily (as I had once done the Talmud,) and I hastened out of the room.

For some days afterwards I suffered a great deal in my mind. At last I determined to go to the converted Jew, and to ask him why he had chosen this verse for his text, and whether he could explain it.

I inquired where this Jew lived, and was told that I might see him at the house of a lady in Nelson-street.

It happened that I had become acquainted with a young Jew, who like myself was anxious to know whether the Christian religion were true. Though I had known this young man for some time, I had only just found out the state of his mind; for till now he had kept his thoughts secret from me. I asked this young Jew to accompany me to the lady's house; when we arrived there, I inquired whether I could see the converted Jew,

and I was shewn into a room where I found him, sitting with a lady and a gentleman. At first I scarcely knew how to mention for what purpose I was come; but as I was very kindly received, I soon took courage to ask the converted Jew to explain the verse about Shiloh that had perplexed me. I said to him, "In that verse it is declared that there shall be kings in Judah till Shiloh comes; but how can that be, since there have been no kings there for a long while, and yet the Messiah has not come?" He answered, "The Messiah has come—Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah."

I was thunderstruck at this answer. At the name of Jesus, I rose from my chair, saying that I did not come to hear anything of the "crucified One;" indeed I was going out of the room, when the Jew promised that he would say no more about Jesus, if I did not wish it, and he asked me to allow him to show me some of my own Scriptures. I consented to

speak with him about the Scriptures. He then shewed me the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah— in which the sufferings and death of Jesus are described.

Where is the little Christian child who does not know the verse, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

I had never paid attention to that verse before, for I had read the Talmud much more than the Bible; and in the synagogue this verse is never read, nor any of the chapter in which it is found. I told the converted Jew what the Talmud says of this chapter. He replied, "The Talmud is not true. It was invented by man."

How astonished I was at hearing these words! I had long thought the same, but had never dared to express it; now I heard for the first time the Talmud spoken against. I tried to prevent the Jew seeing what I felt. He next asked me whether I had ever read the New Testament."

I replied, "I have never heard of such a book. If it is one of the books of the Gawyims, I have never read any of them."

He then told me what kind of a book it was, and asked me to let him read parts of it to me. As I consented to hear some, he read to me the first chapter of Matthew.

In this chapter it is declared that Jesus was of the family of Abraham, and David.

I was much surprised at hearing this, for I had never supposed that the Jesus whom the Christians worshipped was a Jew, but had looked upon him as some heathen god, or idol. In the end of the chapter it is declared that Jesus was that Immanuel of whom Isaiah spoke. While the Jew was reading, I tried to hide my feelings from him, and when he had finished I rose from my chair, and requested him to lend me the book that I might compare it with the Bible, that is, with the Old Testament, which was all my Bible.

The converted Jew willingly lent the book to me; I could not wait till I got home to read it, but read it as I walked along, and before I reached my lodgings, I finished the first five chapters. As soon as I was in my room, I locked the door lest any of the Jews should interrupt me. I began again from the beginning of Matthew—and continued to read with more and more surprise every page I turned. The book appeared to me full of wonderful things, and yet quite agreed with the prophecies of the Old Testament. For instance, Micah the prophet said the Messiah should come out of Bethlehem, and Jesus was born there. I cannot stop to mention which were the parts that most struck me. I could think of nothing else, but of this wonderful book. I said to myself, "Why do not the Rabbis read this book? Why did not they tell me about it? or do they not know of it any more than I did?"

I was filled with grief at the thought of

having been deceived so long. "What! have I been praying every day that the Messiah might come, when he was already come?"

Neither could I bear the thought that the true Messiah had been treated so cruelly by my forefathers, and that I myself had blasphemed his holy name.

Yet all this time my heart was not changed, and I did not truly believe in this Saviour. I did not feel what a miserable sinner I was, and how much I needed pardon, and grace. The Spirit of God had not yet humbled my proud heart, and brought me to kneel at the feet of Jesus for mercy.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW MY HEART WAS CONVERTED.

I WAS now in a very wrong state of mind. If I met with a passage of Scripture which I could not understand, I threw down the Bible impatiently, and intended never to look at it again. I ought to have acted in quite a different manner, and have done these two things. I ought to have asked some learned person to explain difficult things to me, and to make my *head* understand them. I ought also to have prayed to God for His Spirit to enable my *heart* to under-

stand them. But I was still full of pride, and therefore I continued ignorant of much that I might have known.

I was oppressed at this time with three kinds of sorrow. The first I have already described. It arose from the difficulty I found in understanding the Scriptures.

The second sorrow that I felt was in consequence of the ill-treatement I received from my brethren the Jews, who had behaved scornfully towards me ever since they had found out that I had attended the church.

My third sorrow was from hearing how much my friends in Prussia were grieved on my account, for they had heard that I had become a Christian.

And yet, I was not a Christian, for though I could no longer believe the Jewish religion I did not love Christ, and, therefore, I was not one of his disciples.

How often at night would I sit up, with the Bible in my hand, sometimes

reading it, and sometimes brooding over my troubles. The thought of my poor father, perhaps brought to the grave by his grief on my account, pierced me to the heart. Sometimes the morning sun would find me weeping bitterly.

In this miserable condition, I continued for more than six months, till at length the Lord had mercy on my soul

One evening I left my room to walk in the streets of Liverpool. I usually chose the evening for this purpose, because in the day my brethren would have insulted me.

As I was in Pitt-street, I observed a building lighted up, and which appeared to be a place of worship. I entered, and found some people on their knees in prayer, while one man was praying aloud. His prayer went to my heart. After listening to it a little while I dropped down on my knees, scarcely knowing what I did. The man was praying for the very things I wanted; I felt that he

was praying for me, and I began to pray for the first time in my life, for I had never before prayed in the name of Jesus, as I now did, because I felt unworthy to pray in my own.

Before I walked out I had been reading the sixty-ninth Psalm. The words came back to my mind, and appeared to express all I now felt. "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing. I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. O God, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee."

I felt as if I was standing at the edge of a steep precipice, while some wild beast was pursuing me. I cried, "Save me O God, for I am a miserable sinner." I now felt I was a sinner, for having refused so long to love the Saviour. I said, "O Jesus, my Saviour, forgive me. Thou hast promised forgiveness even to the vilest of sinners." I soon knew that

Jesus had forgiven me, and I cannot express the joy I felt—heaven seemed opened to me. When the prayer was concluded, I rose from my knees with a heart overflowing with joy. I could join in singing a hymn to the praise of Jesus; and I felt full of love for all the people in that place, because I thought they loved Jesus.

As soon as the meeting was over I ran to tell my brethren, the Jews, what God had done for my soul. It may surprise some, that I should tell those who would scoff at my words, but I was now so full of holy joy and love that I did not care for the scoffing of men. Once I had been ashamed of Jesus, but now I gloried in his name.

My brethren cried out, "He is mad!" and began to blaspheme Jesus, and to abuse me. I would not stay with them, lest their words should disturb my mind; so I left them, and went home to that room where I had spent so many unhappy

days and nights. I took up my Testament, and began to read the verse in Gal. ii., "I am crucified with Christ." Once I could not understand this verse, but now I felt willing to crucify my sins for Jesus' sake. Now I understood what Jesus said in John iii.: "Ye must be born again." Now I loved God, and I hated sin—I was a new creature. There was still sin in my heart, but the Spirit of God was there also to fight against it. I still felt sorrowful sometimes through afflictions and sins, but I knew the Saviour was near me, and I had peace in Him.

Not long after my conversion I had a dangerous illness. I had long been getting worse and worse through sorrow; and the sudden joy I had felt when first converted had been too much for my weak body to bear. At last I thought I was just going to die; I turned my face to the wall, and made a sign with my fingers to show that I wished no one to disturb me. How peaceful I then felt at the thought

of soon being with the Saviour who died for me on Calvary! God did not think fit to take me then. I fell asleep at one in the morning, and awoke at six refreshed. From that day I began to recover; but I could never forget the comfort I had found in Jesus, when I had thought I was dying. I could truly say that Jesus was precious to my soul, and my all in all.

There now remained one step for me to take in obedience to the command of Christ. I remembered the words, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." I knew that the Jews would hate me still more than they did already, after I was baptized: for the Jews never give up all hopes of one of their brethren, till he is baptized. Until then, he may attend the synagogue, and perhaps he may be treated with respect; but after he is baptized, he is considered viler than the dust of the earth.

I feared also lest my father should hear suddenly of my baptism, and lest

the shock should be too great for him to bear.

Yet none of these things moved me, and I determined to be baptized publicly. I was much rejoiced to find that my brother, who was at Liverpool, was also willing to be baptized; but as he was more timid than myself, he did not choose to be baptized in the same public manner.

Before my baptism, notice was given out that a Jew would be baptized in the little church in Sir Thomas's Buildings, the very first church I had ever entered, where I had heard the sermon upon Shiloh.

When I arrived at the door, I found a great crowd assembled round it, and amongst the crowd a number of Jews, who were waiting there for me, and who began to abuse me in the most dreadful manner. I was much hurt at their conduct, yet I felt no anger against them, but was enabled to say in my heart, whilst I lifted up my eyes to heaven, "Father,

forgive them, for they know not what they do."

There was, however, one good effect that arose from the behaviour of my brethren. The crowd around the church was so great, that I do not know how I should have got in, had not the people discovered that I was the Jew, who was to be baptized. They heard my brethren abusing me, and immediately made way for me, showing by their looks, and by signs they made, how much they felt for me, and wished me well

Before I had been attacked by my brethren, my mind had been filled with peace and joy at the thought of my baptism, but their treatment much disturbed me. It seems that Satan endeavoured by this means to keep me, if possible, from being baptized. When I was seated in the church, I tried very much to become calm again, but for some time I could not. The remembrance of my father now added to my

distress. In this moment of trouble the Lord helped me, and gave me peace—blessed be his holy name.

Before I was baptized, I went into the reading desk, that I might tell the large congregation assembled, why I wished to be baptized. When I first got into the desk, I perceived that there were a great many Jews present; the sight of them made my heart fail, and prevented my speaking for a few moments. But the Lord helped me again, and gave me courage to confess Jesus before them all. I tried to convince them that he was indeed the Prophet of whom Moses and the prophets had spoken. I then left the reading desk, and stepped up to the font, where I was baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

And now I have related the history of the Lord's goodness towards me.

I love the Saviour, who sought me, a poor lost sheep of the house of Israel. I

was wandering on the dark mountains in a cloudy day, when He found me, and brought me home to his fold. I earnestly long that my brethren also may be saved.

Christian children, will you pray for them? When you pray for yourselves, your dear parents, and relations, pray for the Jews. Remember that they are the children of Abraham, the friend of God. Remember that they are the brethren of Jesus your Saviour. Remember, O remember that the Lord Jesus was himself a Jew.

It is a *Jew* that shed his blood
Our pardon to procure,
It is a Jew that sits above
That pardon to ensure.

THE POOR SORROWING JEW.

He is mourning alone, for no kind friend is near,
His woe-stricken spirit to comfort and cheer:
Nor ever descends blessed sympathy's dew,
To refresh the sad heart of the sorrowing Jew.

He thinks of the land where his forefathers lie,
Beneath the warm smile of their own eastern sky;
And he wishes, perchance, he were laid by them too,
For earth has no house for the sorrowing Jew.

He thinks of that holy, and high honoured fane,
Where Jehovah would stoop to hold converse with men;
He thinks of the glory Jerusalem knew,
And thinks of himself—a poor sorrowing Jew.

Oh, hushed be thy sorrow, unheard be thy sigh,
And hid the warm tear trickling down from thy eye
There are that would mock at thy grief and thy woe,
And scoff at the tear of the sorrowing Jew.

Yet woe to the man, though a prince on his throne,
Who shall mock at a people God still calls his own!
For he, whose great name, is the Holy and True,
Hath sworn to avenge the poor sorrowing Jew.

Rouse, rouse ye then, Christians; if Christians indeed,
Your hearts for the sorrow of Judah will bleed;
Ye will mourn for her temple, her glory laid low,
Ye will mourn for her son, the poor sorrowing Jew.

Oh! think ye, with fear, on the curse and the woes,
Jehovah has threatened on Abraham's foes;
Oh, remember that He who was offered for you,
In the days of his flesh, was a sorrowing Jew.

And thou, blessed Spirit, whose life-giving power
Alone can the feet of the wanderer restore;
Oh, teach him his own pierced Messiah to view,
And bring to his fold the poor sorrowing Jew.

ELNIR.

Curses pronounced on the Jews in the Old Testament, and which have *been fulfilled.*	*Blessings pronounced on the Jews, and which have* not *been fulfilled* yet.
1. That they shall be scattered among all nations. Deut. xxviii. 64. Ezekiel xxii. 15.	That they shall be restored to their own land. Ezekiel xxxvi. 24; xxxvii. 21, 25; xxxix. 28. Jeremiah xvi. 14, 15.
2. That their land shall be desolate. Deut. xxix. 22—24.	That their land shall become fruitful again. Isaiah li. 3. Ezekiel xxxvi. 30, 33—35. Amos ix. 11, *to the end.*
3. That they shall be despised. Deut. xxviii. 37. Jeremiah xxiv. 9. „ xxix. 18.	That they shall be honoured. Isaiah lx. 10; lxi. 6, 7, 9. Zephaniah iii. 19, 20. Zechariah viii. 23.
4. That their hearts shall be hardened. Isaiah vi. 9. 10.	That their hearts shall be converted. Ezekiel xi. 17—20. Jeremiah xxxii. 39—41. Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, 27. Zech. xii. 10.

Closing Text:—Jeremiah xxxii. 42.

Allburgh and Co., Printers, 9, Agar Street, Strand, London.

